The Cheerful Letter

EVERY PLACE A CHURCH; EVERY DAY THE LORD'S DAY; ALL EVENTS BLESSINGS; ALL JOY THANKSGIVING; AND ALL NATURE AND LIFE FULL OF GOD.—*James Freeman Clarke.*

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THE POWER OF HUMAN LOVE.

WHAT HAPPENED IN A NEW ENGLAND TOWN A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

She was a matron wise and good.
He was half-witted, coarse, and rude—
A lonely outcast in the wood.

Her husband, children, neighbors saw
Her life without a spot or flaw,
Moulded by Puritanic law.

To him there came no influence wise,
Which to our weakness strength supplies—
No church, school, home, no human ties.

What could there be between the two?
What could she have with him to do?
His very name she never knew.

Nothing, if they are right who claim
Self-happiness man's only aim,
And Christ a myth, and God a name.

But in the poorest Christian creed
Lies hid, of love, some generous seed
To help a brother in his need.

"We see," men said, "the fellow lurk
Behind a bush to steal and shirk.
The rascal, if he chose, could work.

"Don't give him, Dame, another meal;
And if he comes our fowls to steal,
The lazy brute the jail shall feel."

She heard them talk, and went her way;
Said nothing; but at break of day
Some food upon a shelf there lay.

Soon down the lonely road he came,
Half conscious of the village blame,
His hunger struggling with his shame.

He stopped, he saw the bread and meat,
Looked quickly up and down the street,
Seized it and fled with hasty feet.

Next day again he left the wood,
And lo! upon the shelf there stood
Once more a savory dish of food.

And every day he came to find
His daily bread, till on his mind
Dawned some faint thought that men were kind.

And, though no word between them passed,
He knew he had a friend at last,
And sunshine on his path was cast,

With power some shadows to dispel;
To him it was a miracle,
As though each day from heaven it fell;

A miracle his soul to move,
True manna dropping from above—
For the true Bread from Heaven is Love.

Unmarked, continuous movements go;
The Earth's swift flight, Time's steady flow,
We scarcely feel, or see, or know.

Thus steadfast goodness, moving on
Without a pause, is scarcely known;
Yet all men miss it when 'tis gone.

So to this town there came one day
A sense of something passed away,
Some influence, guidance, help, and stay.

And when the people of the place
Came in, and looked upon her face,
Transfigured by death's solemn grace,

There, with the rest, amazed, they find
Him, to whom she alone was kind,
Well clothed and in his proper mind.

And when a curious stranger read
Her name upon the plate, he said:
"She was my friend, and she is dead.

"But now I'll try to work a bit,
For if my lazy ways I quit
'Twill please her when she hears of it."

We all through Love our Life receive,
Since only when we love we live.
And Life cannot in Death believe.

Thus, to a mind in darkness sealed,
Love showed the Truth from Thought concealed,
And Immortality revealed.
—*James Freeman Clarke.*

THE SABBATH FOR MAN.

"*The Sabbath was made for man.*"—MARK ii. 27.

Thank Heaven for it, dear friends. It is not the least of the good things which have been made for us: a time for pure rest, for relaxation, for the refreshment of the wearied mind and body. For this, and this alone, as you know, is what the Hebrew word *Sabbath* means: rest, cessation from work. And it has been made for us, just as the night and the sleep of the night, just as all other good things are made for us, the sunshine and summer sights, and music, and all the beauties of nature and art,—whatever gladdens us and lightens care and labor. It is a gift of nature, of God.

While it is of Heaven's making, as it is made for man, for man's use and benefit, it has been left to man to set the time for a Sabbath, the time for rest. In its essential idea, in its substance, the Sabbath is a natural, or, if you please, a divine institution. But in its form, *i.e.*, as to its length and its frequency, it is a human institution. Since, however, as a human institution it is to be used by all, at one and the same time, all that any human authority can fix in regard to it is its duration, and the intervals at which it is to be observed, and that it shall be a time of rest for all. But what the rest shall be, the relaxation to which the time is to be devoted, cannot possibly be the concern of any human authority, agreement, or convention, for the reason that men's labors being endlessly diversified, their needs in respect of rest are likewise diversified. All that man can institute is that at certain periods and for a certain length there shall be rest from work, and that no one shall adopt such a mode of rest as interferes with the rest of others.

The Hebrew Law wisely and humanely required all labor to be suspended every seventh day (corresponding to our Saturday). All nations have their Sabbaths, days of rest, holidays. It is, in fact, an obvious demand of reason and nature. Man needs seasons of repose in addition to the rest taken at night in sleep; it is necessary to the health both of mind and body. And not only so: it is necessary to the success and amount of the work done. More can be accomplished, and well accomplished, by intermitted than by unintermitted labor. It is the thriftiest economy, a security against work's being slighted or only half done. The animation that comes from the occasional relaxation of bodily or mental force more than makes up for the apparent loss of time. They who keep Sabbaths, seasons of rest, resume work with new vigor. Years after the old French Revolution, which abolished the Sabbath, it was observed in France that the shop-keepers and trades-people, being confined to their places of business on Sundays, and having no day of rest, no end to their work, became careless in consequence. Daily work being pursued without cessation, men have no opportunity of cultivating cleanliness and neatness, which, if they are not virtues, are very near being so.

As our common Christianity had its origin, historically, among the Jews, as it sprang from the bosom of the Hebrew nation, the early Christians very naturally accepted the Hebrew division of time, and distinguished the seventh day. But Christ himself never instituted any Sabbath. He did not create any institutions, social or religious. He simply breathed a new creative spirit into the world, leaving institutions to take care of themselves; or, rather, left it to men inspired by his spirit to accommodate institutions to their ever-changing condition. And since Christ enjoined no Sabbath, the first Christians continued to observe the Jewish Sabbath, the seventh day; but only for a time. They soon ceased to take any notice of it whatever. As the number of Gentiles, who knew nothing of Jewish customs, increased in the church, this Jewish institution, the Sabbath, disappeared. It gradually came to an end among the Christians—died a natural death.

It was well that it did, so entirely had it become perverted from its original purpose. Originally, according to the Hebrew Law, the seventh day was to be held sacred, be it observed, not to any formal religious observances whatever, but to rest, to refreshment of body and mind by cessation from labor. It was instituted in mercy to man and beast. It was designed to relieve

and exhilarate man, to renew his strength. And in order to save laborers from oppressive exactions, rest, so necessary to man, was made a religious duty. It was insisted upon as a sacred thing. Accordingly, the hallowing of the seventh day consisted, not in formal worship, not in the practice of any religious services, strictly so called, but in ceasing from work. Rest was the peculiar religious service of the day. The repose which human weakness demands was represented as sacred in the eyes of Him who, in the language of Scripture, knows our frame and remembers that we are dust.

Such was the intent of the Hebrew Sabbath. There is not a syllable in the law enjoining any formal acts of worship. It is rest from labor, I reiterate, that consecrates the day. But instead of being thus hallowed, by cheerful and refreshing relaxation, it came to be desecrated, it was broken, violated by being turned into an occasion for superstitious and wearisome punctiliousness. The Jewish writings specify thirty-nine different kinds of employment forbidden on the Sabbath; and thus the conscience was so plagued with scruples that a man could hardly move save under a painful burden of constraint.

To such an extent did this perversion go in the times of Christ that the discharge of a plain office of humanity was regarded as a violation of the Sabbath. Its true purpose was wholly lost sight of. Instead of being welcomed as a relief from the routine of labor, as the day for cheerful relaxation, it was made gloomy by an austere routine as fatiguing as any work. Jesus never alludes to the Sabbath but to condemn it as it was then used. He never enjoined the observance of it in any way, not even as a day to be given to religious worship. He taught that it was made for man, and not man for it; and, of course, that man was free to use it as his needs might require, in any way that conduced to his comfort and innocent enjoyment. Man's necessities were the controlling principle. Man is not the servant, but the master of the Sabbath. Whatever rests and gladdens him is not only lawful, but sacred. Such was plainly the idea of Jesus.

Paul, the most eminent of his followers, held to the same view of the Sabbath. He wrote to his Galatian converts that he had heard that they were observing days, as if one day were holier than another, which led him, he says, to fear that they had not understood the spiritual religion which he had taught them, and that he had spent his breath and labored in vain to enlighten them. He expressly teaches that he who makes no distinction of days is as acceptable before God as he who does, and that the only important thing is that every one should be fully persuaded in his own mind.

Such being the position which our great Christian teachers took in reference to the Sabbath, the observance of it, according to the Jewish custom, fell, as I have said, into decay—not all at once, but gradually; and in a little while it disappeared altogether.

What helped to bring it to an end among the early Christians was the custom that arose of assembling on the day after the Sabbath, the first day of the week. This custom came from the fact that it was on the first day of the week that the resurrection of Jesus occurred. It was no matter of formal agreement. It came naturally to those first Christians to meet together on that day. These meetings were informal, partly social, and partly religious. The little Christian community met and ate and drank together in commemoration of the last supper of Jesus with his disciples. Sometimes, as we may gather from Paul's Epistles, these meetings were far from being conducted in an orderly manner. They were altogether too convivial. On account of those meetings, held in commemoration of the master on the first day, the first day came to be called the Lord's day, or the master's day (the word translated lord is synonymous with master). But there is not a particle of evidence that there was any thought of substituting the first day in the place of the seventh, or of making a Sabbath of the first day. There is no ground for believing that labor was suspended on the first day. As Archdeacon Paley reminds us, many of the early Christians were slaves; and it is not likely that their masters would have consented to the suspension of their labor one whole day in every seven.

Gradually, however, as time wore on, and as the Christians increased in numbers, the first, or Lord's, day became more and more of a special day; also, considering that Christianity sprung up among the Jews, and that Jewish ideas and customs naturally had an influence in shaping the views and customs of the primitive Christians, the first day took the place of the old Jewish Sabbath, which had disappeared,—and, unhappily, its character also, as it had existed among the Jews. But there is not the shadow of a reason for supposing, what appears to be almost everywhere taken for granted, that a formal transfer of the Sabbath from the seventh day to the first was made by divine authority. Neither Jesus nor his apostles

uttered a syllable authorizing or even suggesting it. There was never, indeed, any formal institution of the first day as a day to be devoted to public and social religious services. The custom of observing this day by meetings, which were as much social as they were religious, grew up of itself, just as all natural things grow, like any plant. And the sole authority for it was then, as it is still, usage. It was no matter of positive institution. It was simply a custom.

Nevertheless, the observance of the first, or of any, day of the week as a Sabbath, or as the Sabbath, would have had the authority of reason and nature (and is not this, by the way, divine authority?), if the idea of Jesus concerning the Sabbath had been kept in mind, that it is made for man, for man's refreshment, for man's innocent pleasure.

But that idea was not appreciated. The ignorance and superstition that began very early to corrupt the pure and simple religion of Jesus in many other and even more important respects, soon generated false notions of the sanctity of the first day, which, as I have just said, took on the character of the Jewish Sabbath, and came to be even more superstitiously regarded than that old holiday.

So great has been the perversion of the first day, considered as a Sabbath, that it has been now for a long period a day not for freedom from care, not for cheerful relaxation, but for irksome constraint,—not for happy faces, but for seclusion and gloom.

As the day of rest, thus perverted, has no authority in the spirit or in the letter of Christianity, neither is it authorized by reason or nature. It is a gross perversion of the idea of a Sabbath, for it wearies and exhausts men instead of refreshing them. Instead of lightening the burden of labor, it increases it. But even they who at this day hold to this superstitious observance, betray their sense of its irksomeness. There is no gladness in their looks or tones. Instead of making the face to shine, it darkens and lengthens it. How could it be otherwise with those who are constantly on the watch, in painful fear of breaking the Sabbath?

When we see how wholly destitute of any foundation either in reason or Scripture such a so-called Sabbath is, how directly opposed it is to the religion of Jesus, we are amazed at the ignorance and confidence with which divine authority has been, and still is, claimed for it, and which, even in this time and country, call for an alteration of the Constitution of these United States, by which "a stricter observance of the Sabbath may be enforced." Why, one would think the bare word "Sabbath" might long ago have taught men better; or, since that is not heeded, that the immortal saying of Christ himself could not so entirely fail of being understood: "*The Sabbath is made for man, not man for the Sabbath.*" Not the Sabbath is the sacred thing, not the mere day; but man is sacred, man's relief, man's rest, man's refreshing enjoyment. This it is that is holy and hallowing. Whatever interferes with this, even if it be a so-called religious service, is a violation of the sanctity of the Sabbath. So obviously, so indisputably true is what I say, that it is a great pity there should be any need of saying it.

But do I mean to say that the day is to be devoted to unlicensed self-indulgence? My friends, I am speaking of the Sabbath, the day of rest. Does excess rest a man? Does intemperance in eating and drinking, do rioting and debauchery bring refreshment to him? Do they repair his strength? Do they fit him to resume work with renewed spirit? Or, rather, do they not bring exhaustion, ruin, to both body and mind, and prove to be the very hardest labor? Vice does not relax, it destroys. So far from being lawful on the day of rest, it is to be shrunk from and abhorred at all times. It desecrates all days. It violates all the sanctities of life.

But whatever exhilarates, even if it be a different kind of work from that usually engaged in, whatever enlivens the sense of life and power, and inspires the social affections, whatever, in fine, raises the spirit and recreates men, belongs to the day and hallows it.

As I have already intimated, there is no such thing as prescribing rules as to the manner in which the true Christian Sabbath should be kept; for the reason that human work is so various that what is rest to one is weariness to another. What is one man's work is another man's play. One man's work is sedentary, requiring for his rest exercise, walking or riding. The pursuits of another separate him nearly all the week from family and friends, and he must be recreated by social enjoyments. Another is engaged in hard manual labor, and needs rest in entire repose of body and mind. Others require a change of ideas, reading of various kinds,—religious, historical, scientific, or works that exercise and gratify the imagination. Every one must decide upon his own responsibility, and have the liberty wherewith Christ has made us free to choose for himself. No man must presume to dictate to others; but we are all bound to do what we can to devise and multiply the means of healthy relaxation, and most especially to abstain from

taking any way of refreshing ourselves which interferes with our neighbor in *his* way. And accordingly we should study that those in our employ, who discharge for us needful domestic offices, should have as much as possible of the day of rest to themselves.

But are there to be no religious observances on the day of rest? no public and social worship? no church-going? no devotional exercises? My friends, for my own part, I do not believe that there is any more reason to fear that the excellent opportunity which this day offers for religious services will be neglected than there is that the sun will not rise to-morrow morning. The things with which religion is concerned, the infinite, unchangeable goodness, the inexhaustible bounty of the Supreme, the hope of immortality, the glorious beauty of the life and spirit of Christ, —tell me, what is there that can enlighten and comfort and refresh, what is there that can rest the weary mind of man like these highest and deepest truths? Have no fear that these perennial springs of refreshment will not be sought so long as the opportunity of a day of rest is afforded. If men abuse the liberty of spending this day as they please, turning their liberty into licentiousness, rest assured there never will be wanting those who will be only the more earnest in rendering public religious services attractive, and only the more devotedly will they gather to the support of the institutions of religion.

It is true, if religion were what many a popular creed represents it, were it a thing of irrational and unscriptural doctrines and heartless formalities, it might be doubtful whether men would long continue to uphold it. As it is, even when and where it is thus represented, men have found, or professed to find, in it rest for the weary soul. How they have been able to do so, how they succeed in drawing sweetness from the bitter doctrines of John Calvin, heaven only knows! So long as religion gives man any refreshment in whatever form it exists, so long will it command a portion greater or less of this day of rest.

In regard to religious observances, as in many things else, there is a limit beyond which they weary, instead of resting. A too frequent repetition of religious services destroys their effect and renders them laborious. Long prayers quench instead of feeding the flames of devotion. It has been said, and by a clergyman of the Church of England, that, if people were to listen now to the sermons of three hundred years ago, they would die of sadness and fatigue.

As the Sabbath is made for man, and he is master of it, all the exercises appropriate to a day of rest are made for him, in accommodation to his need; and the measure of their lawfulness is the animating interest which they command, the relaxation which they afford. Let the religious services of this day be as interesting as they should be, and then sacred will be the office which they discharge, for sacred is the rest which they will give. Thus will they help to keep the day holy in the sight of heaven.—*William Henry Furness.*

THE STILL HOUR.

SHORT PRAYERS.

O Thou, who didst command the light to shine out of darkness, and hast shined in our hearts, to give the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ, establish us in Christ and anoint us.

Grant, O Lord, that we faint not; but though our outward man perish, may our inward man be renewed day by day.

May our light afflictions, which are but for a moment, work out for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory; while we look, not at the things seen and temporal, but at the things not seen, but eternal.

Reveal to us, O Lord, by thy Spirit, what eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, nor the heart of man conceived.

Help us to stand fast in the liberty wherewith Christ has made us free, and not be entangled again with any yoke of bondage; knowing that the kingdom of God is not meat nor drink, but righteousness, peace, and joy in the Holy Spirit.

Help us to show the fruits of the spirit; love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, kindness, meekness, and self-control.

As we have opportunity, help us to do good to all men, and especially to those who are of the household of faith; to bear one another's burdens; and so fulfil the law of Christ; to sow to the spirit, and of the spirit to reap life everlasting; and not to be weary in well-doing, believing that we shall in due season reap, if we faint not.

THOUGHTS FOR THE STILL HOUR.

Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind. This is the first and great commandment. And the second is like unto it, thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself.—*Jesus.*

"To all true men, the birthday of a nation must always be a sacred thing."

The Lord's day is no more holy, no more sacred than other days, for every day that dawns comes to us direct from God, and on every one we are to serve him. But each returning Sunday is a little hill-top on which we rest and from which we look forward.—*James Freeman Clarke.*

O day of rest! How beautiful, how fair,
How welcome to the weary and the old!
Day of the Lord! and truce to earthly cares!
Day of the Lord as all our days should be.
—*Longfellow.*

These are the gifts I ask
Of thee, Spirit serene:
Strength for the daily task,
Courage to face the road,
Good cheer to help me bear the traveller's load,
And for the hours of rest that come between,
An inward joy in all things heard and seen.
These are the sins I fain
Would have thee take away:
Malice, and cold disdain,
Hot anger, sullen hate,
Scorn of the lowly, envy of the great,
And discontent that casts a shadow gray
On all the brightness of the common day.
These are the things I prize
And hold of dearest worth:
Light of the sapphire skies,
Peace of the silent hills,
Shelter of forests, comfort of the grass,
Music of birds, murmur of little rills,
Shadow of clouds that swiftly pass
And, after showers,
The smell of flowers,
And of the good brown earth—
And best of all along the way,
Friendship and mirth.
—*Henry Van Dyke.*

If you want knowledge, you must toil for it; if good, you must toil for it. Toil is the law. Pleasure comes through toil and not by self-indulgence and indolence. When one gets to love his work, his life is a happy one.—*John Austin.*

THE BOOK AND MAGAZINE CLUB.

[*Send all offers and requests for this department to Mrs. W. B. Nichols, 80 Goffe Street, Quincy, Mass.*]

Please remember, when you see a request for a book in the Book Club, to write a card to Mrs. Nichols, asking "*Shall* I send such a book to such a person?" before sending it, else the person who requests it may receive several copies. When any one writes directly to you, asking for a book offered by you, send a card to Mrs. Nichols, saying that you *have* sent it. When you receive more requests than you can meet, send these to the Book Club to be printed here.

REQUESTS.

Those who write to us for the first time must send the name and address of a minister as a reference. Without that the request will not be printed.

1. Mrs. A. L. Davis, Preston, Virginia, R. F. D. 1, would like the *Christian Herald.*

2. Hattie Ballard, Ansonville, North Carolina, Box 235, asks for *Ladies' Home Journal.* She will be glad of cards on her sixteenth birthday, August 9.

3. Mrs. Annie L. Greenlee, 912 Douglas Street, Chattanooga, Tennessee, a very lonely invalid, will be very grateful for any of Marietta Holley's books, or any humorous books.

4. As I haven't had much good reading matter in a long time, I would be so glad if the *Cheerful Letter* friends could send me something interesting to read. My husband is away from home the most of the time. I also would like to get acquainted with any of the friends that wish to write me, and as I am a newly married woman and enjoy piecing quilts, I would greatly appreciate some pieces of calico. Mrs. Creasie Marshall, Foster Falls, Virginia, R. F. D. 1.

5. Mr. T. B. Goldsbury, Oxford, Nebraska, Box 375, asks for *Geographical Magazine* for 1912 or 1913, natural history books of South America, a cook book and easy instruction on the organ.

6. George W. Price, Lenoir, North Carolina, thanks those who have sent him magazines, and is especially grateful to the one that sent the dictionary.

7. Mrs. C. B. Craig, Jermyn, Texas, asks for "Quo Vadis."

8. Miss Gertrude Borst, Foundling Home, Bethesda, Maryland, teaching kindergarten and primary in this home where there are

fifty-two children, asks particularly for "The Little Duke," "Sharp Eyes," and "Birds and Bees" by John Burroughs.

9. I come asking for some books, "The Woman Thou Gavest Me," by Hall Caine, and any books by popular authors. I would also be thankful to get primary school books for my little girls, eleven and eight years old. I wish some *Cheerful Letter* friends would send books or reading to Mr. Julian Norris, Sherman, R. F. D. 1, Box 58, Festus, Missouri. He has a promising family of bright boys and girls, seven in all, the oldest twenty-four, the youngest about ten years old. They would appreciate and enjoy reading.

I receive the *Cheerful Letter* monthly regularly and enjoy it so much. The last number (for May) is an especially good number. The Cheerful Letter Society is doing a great work. Yours gratefully, Mrs. Arthur Thompson. I am now Mrs. Peter McLauchlan, Granite Springs, Spotsylvania County, Virginia.

10. I wish to thank the many friends who have aided me during the past school year, through your columns, for their thoughtfulness, kindness, and help. Sincere thanks to one and all. I have sent a card to each one, but fear some were not received, as I received two or three inquiries if packages were received. School closes 22 of May, and I will leave for my vacation. Will not need any cards or papers during the summer. You may, however, hear from me again in the fall. Miss Mary W. Brown, Kelford, North Carolina.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS.

Mrs. Annie L. Gordon, from Salt Lake City, Utah, to Lippitt Hill, Hope, Rhode Island.

Mrs. Arthur Thompson is now Mrs. Peter McLauchlan, Granite Springs, Virginia.

Mrs. Ada M. Dunning is now Mrs. George W. Bean, Oxford, R. F. D. 3, Maine.

Mrs. J. P. Wirick is now at Titusville, Florida.

DECEASED.

Mrs. J. F. Boling, lately of California, died April sixteenth.

Character is acquired, not donated.—*E. Winchester Donald.*

THE MOTHERS' COUNCIL.

THE FATHER AND HIS BOY.

What shall be the attitude of a father towards his boy? Ah, me; woe is the overconfident man who shall attempt to settle that question, once and forever, for the millions of fathers with millions of boys—not millions apiece but millions in the aggregate—as many minds as there are fathers, and as many changing theories as there are fathers and boys together. If some man, wiser, or at least more practical in the application of his wisdom than Solomon, would only come along and whitewash the path for us, so that we might walk in a straight way in the darkest night, how glad—and well-nigh had the thoughtless pen written "grateful"—would we be. How glad and ungrateful, then, we would be. That sounds harsh, but it is the truth.

There is a certain attitude which the father has assumed for him, in his boy's eyes, over which he has little control. President Weston says, in one of his matchless sermons,—the quotation made from memory is tamely done,—that to the child in early years the father occupies the position of God; the boy comes to the father for everything, confidently asking impossibilities; asking with all simplicity and perfect trust for gifts that would impoverish an emperor; looking to his father for daily food, raiment, protection; fearing no harm while he holds his father's hand; accepting as truth every statement made by him; in all respects bearing himself toward his father in trust, confidence, loyalty, reverence, as we try to stand in our relation to God.

Now, every man who knows anything about boys knows this to be true. The father is the boy's ideal of faultless and splendid manhood. He believes his father to be a little bit wiser, somewhat stronger, rather better looking, much better, and far more learned and truthful than other men. He goes to school and confronts his teacher on some disputed passage with a triumphant "My father says the book is wrong," and down go teacher and author in the confusion of exposed ignorance. "My father says so" proves anything for the loving boy. The father does not assume this attitude. The boy makes of him this ideal. Is the man, knowing his own poor acquirements, his narrow limitations, his faulty character and imperfect life, to foster this ideal? There comes a day when the child, wise or foolish, knows his own father. Let the man, then,

be honest with his boy. Let the boy understand that his father has not forgotten the days of his own youth. Let the boy feel that his father wants to be his close companion and friend as well as his counsellor and guardian.—*Robert J. Burdette.*

NATURAL HISTORY.

BOB-WHITE—THE FARMER'S FRIEND.

Of the several species of quail found in the United States the most faithful friend of the farmer is our own *Colinus virginianus*—a name which includes not only the typical bird of the Eastern States, but also the two sub-species of Florida and Texas. Although slightly changed by climate and environment, it is practically the same bird that ranges over the hills of New England, through Virginia and the Carolinas, southward to the sunny shores of Florida, and also westward to South Dakota, Kansas, and Texas.

This quail has long been popular as an article of diet, and also for the beauty of his modest coat, and the music of his voice, whether it is the cheery whistle ringing over sunlit fields, or the softer covey-call which summons the flock to a common resting-place in the shades of evening.

But it has taken science a long time to find out his greatest value—it is to the facts and figures of the Biological Survey that we are indebted for the knowledge that, while Bob-White is very seldom guilty of trespass, he is of constant value as a destroyer of weeds and injurious insects. From a careful examination of many hundreds of stomachs, it has been found that from early autumn until spring his food consists principally of vegetable matter, a portion of it being found by gleaning the fallen grain in fields where the harvest has been gathered; but aside from this the main food of the quail during the autumn and winter consists of the seeds of noxious and troublesome weeds—these seeds, indeed, making up an average of one-half of his diet for the whole year.

Weeds.—Eighty-five different weeds have been found to contribute largely to the bird's menu, and his marvelous appetite is his most valuable asset. Crops and stomachs have been found which were crowded with ragweed seeds to the number of 1,000, while another had eaten as many seeds of crab grass. A bird shot in October of 1902 at Pine Brook, in New Jersey, had eaten 5,000 seeds of green fox-tail grass, and one killed on Christmas Day of 1901 at Kinsale, Virginia, had taken about 10,000 pig-weed seeds.

In relation to Bob-White's valuable services as a weed destroyer in only two States, the Government report says: "It is reasonable to suppose that in the States of Virginia and North Carolina from September 1 to April 30 there are four Bob-Whites to each square mile of land, or 354,820 in the two States. The crop of each bird holds half an ounce of seed and is filled twice a day. Since at each of the two daily meals, weed seeds constitute at least half the contents of the crop, or one-fourth of an ounce, a half-ounce daily is consumed by each bird. On this basis, the total consumption of weed seeds by Bob-Whites from September 1 to April 30 in Virginia and North Carolina amounts to 1,341 tons." (P. 14, Bul. 21, Bureau of Biological Survey.)

When we consider that a single one of these might produce a plant bearing thousands of seeds in a single season, and this process, if unchecked, would in three years produce not millions, but *billions* of weeds, we may get some idea of the value of the quail as a weed destroyer—a work in which he is ably assisted by the mourning dove, the meadow lark, and other allies.

Besides weed seeds and grain, he also eats more or less of the seeds of pine and maple, acorns and beech nuts, as well as of various wild fruits in their season, including the berries of poison ivy.

The Chinch Bug.—After a winter in which a vegetarian diet has largely predominated, Bob-White has no desire for the sprouting grain, but in the early spring he is out on the war path hunting for animal food. Although in most climates he can find more or less insect food during every month in the year, his bright eyes are always on the lookout for the earliest comers among the insect pests, and during the spring, summer, and autumn, his services in this direction are invaluable. The chinch bug leads the list of expensive insects with a tribute levied upon the American farmers which is estimated at $100,000,000 per year. This destructive little pest invades the wheat fields in armies, but Bob-White leads his covey to the fray, and if he had warriors enough he could eradicate the foe, for the bugs winter in just such situations as are frequented by the quail, and the birds feast upon them whenever they are available.

In a letter to the Department of Agriculture, Mr. M. A. Page, of Garnett, Kansas, says of the quail: "On opening the crop we found about two tablespoonfuls of chinch bugs."

The Grasshopper stands next in the amount of damage done, and $90,000,000 per year is

a conservative estimate of his tax upon this country, for he sometimes devastates whole states. But here, too, Bob-White is on duty with the meadow larks, all of them feeding voraciously upon the invader.

The Potato Bug is another enemy which has cost the American farmer a vast amount of trouble and expense. In spite of large expenditures for poisons, this beetle still costs us about $8,000,000 per year. Very few birds will touch the disgusting creatures, but the rose-breasted grosbeak and faithful Bob-White are always ready for them. The potato bug is not an occasional article of food, but when available is made a constant article of diet; one crop of a quail has been found to contain 100 of them; neither is this useful habit of protecting the potato vines confined to any one locality. Reports to the same effect have come to the Biological Survey from Ontario, New Jersey, Virginia, Maryland, Iowa, Nebraska, Kansas, and Texas. In some cases of badly infested potato vines, Bob-Whites have been seen patrolling the rows and carefully picking off the bugs.

The Mexican Cotton Boll Weevil came over the border in 1894, and less than ten years later it was costing America $15,000,000 per year, and these figures soon rose to $20,000,000. As yet it is mostly confined to Texas, but threatens to sweep over the entire cotton belt. Hence all the cotton States would do well to prohibit the shooting of a single quail until this foe is exterminated, for Bob-White is looking for him and feeding upon him. F. M. Howard, of Beeville, Texas, writes to the Bureau of Entomology that the Bob-Whites shot in his vicinity had their crops filled with the weevils. Another farmer reports his cotton fields full of quail and the entire absence of weevils.

Bob-White also destroys the striped cucumber beetle which makes such havoc with cucumbers, squashes, etc. In fact, he has to his credit a list of fifty-seven different beetles, twenty-seven varieties of bugs, nine species of grasshoppers, locusts and their kindred, and thirteen sorts of caterpillars, besides ants, flies, wasps, spiders, etc. The crops and gizzards examined in the Government laboratories to ascertain the character and proportions of the quail's food, were collected from twenty-one States, besides Canada, District of Columbia, and Mexico.

These birds are especially valuable during the nesting season, as the young feed almost entirely upon insects, twelve or more different species having been identified as the food of the downy chicks.

PROTECTION FOR VALUABLE BIRDS.

It is freely admitted that when abundant, the quail is a legitimate game bird, but he is worth so much more in the farmer's field than in the stomach that, until they become superfluous, it behooves him to protect them in every possible way, especially in the cotton States, where the killing of a quail should be absolutely forbidden for a term of years, or until the Mexican cotton boll weevil becomes a thing of the past.

What with lawless slaughter in many cases, severe winters in the North, and the numerous enemies with which they have to contend, it is a lamentable fact that the number of quail is decreasing almost everywhere. But it is both hardy and prolific, and with proper protection will not only hold its own but gain in numbers.

Man is Bob-White's worst enemy, but by shorter open seasons, with rigid game laws *carefully enforced*, it may be possible to enable the bird to gain ground even in localities where he is threatened with extinction. Some wise farmers, especially in Maryland and Virginia, are feeding their quail in cold weather. Wheat, buckwheat, corn, millet, and other grains may be used for this purpose and should be scattered, if possible, under briers where they may have some protection from hawks. Bob-Whites have been known to feed with the chickens on Sarasota Key, off the western coast of Florida, as well as at other points farther north.

In cold climates a sheaf or two of grain might be placed on a platform slightly raised above the snow, and thus afford them both food and shelter. Sumac trees and berries should be left for their benefit, and also the edges of grain in the wheat fields, for the farmer can well afford to feed this most valuable ally in his fight against weeds and insects.—*Elizabeth A. Reed.*

BIOGRAPHY.

THE EMPEROR TIBERIUS.

§ 1.—*His Character.*

The personal character and political tendencies of the Emperor Tiberius have an indirect connection with the general subject of this work;* yet a chief motive for the following note is the desire of contributing towards an appreciation of one, who, after laboring faithfully by precept and example in behalf of temperance and frugality, rectitude and kindness, has been misrepresented as a brutal and despotic debauchee.

*Judaism in Rome.

If we ask why Tiberius should have been so traduced, there are two answers, one applicable to the charge of despotism, the other to that of debauchery. The former can be best comprehended by such as appreciate the degree in which the privileged classes had come to regard peculation, bribery, and extortion as their well-settled right.[1] When Tiberius, with no exercise of arbitrary power, threw the whole weight of his personal and official influence against such procedures, they resented it;[2] and, as they were the writers of history, their feelings have overlaid their facts. The charge of debauchery can be better weighed and understood after an examination of his life.

Before proceeding, it deserves note, that Tiberius encouraged freedom of speech, and neglected any disparagement of himself;[3] yet Tacitus, a lifetime later, could find no writers in his reign who spoke evil of him.[4] That writer was certainly no friend of Tiberius; and what he says, therefore (under A.D. 23), concerning the first ten years of his administration need not be suspected of any coloring in the emperor's favor.[5]

Prominent among the characteristics of Tiberius was moral earnestness. When a governor's rapacity had become manifest, he broke off social intercourse with him; and when the man committed suicide, either to avoid the shame of condemnation, or the confiscation of his ill-acquired property, Tiberius wrote to the Senate, urging the impropriety of giving social standing to such a man, and condemning the idea that the disgrace of his conduct was removed, or shifted to others, by his suicide.

Moral earnestness imparts early development, and elicits recognition thereof from others. There is hardly a better criterion of its existence than to find maturity attributed to youth, and to see age deferential towards early years. We have this testimony to Tiberius from outsiders, and also from a stepfather, who longed for his counsel in difficulty, and for his personal influence in moments of irritation. The fact deserves to be pondered, that the (not always seemly) jests of Augustus would die upon his lips when Tiberius approached.

Moral earnestness is independent of party, and not blunted by prevalent indifference to venality. When a corrupt judge of the privileged classes needed punishment, Tiberius spoke no uncertain language;[6] and when one of his own fiscal agents tried imposition, he was equally plain.[7]

Moral earnestness—by which must not be understood personal excitability on moral questions—is apt to recognize and respect the individual responsibility of others. Tiberius recognized the individual responsibility of senators, avoided interfering with it, and did what he could to make them feel it.

Moral earnestness is not fond of flattery from nor of unmanly behavior in others. Tiberius was no exception to this rule.[8] It is not apt to aim either at expense or display. Tiberius tried, not by force, but by precept and example, to inculcate frugality and temperance.[9]

Frugality is sometimes connected with avarice, but all writers agree that Tiberius had no taint of the latter.[10] His benevolence seems to have been thoughtful, and, in more than one instance, copious; nor was it confined to pecuniary manifestations alone, but showed itself in ways which indicated an active personal interest in the welfare of others.

Moral earnestness is sometimes, though not always, associated with attention to life's courtesies. Tiberius practised these and the kindly offices of life equally in his retirement at Rhodes and in his term of imperial power. The fearful experiences, both public and private, through which he passed, would, in most men, have chilled them, yet he retained his social kindliness to the close of life. His abhorrence for brutalizing games did not prevent interest in such as were innocent;[11] and among his minor habits one indicates, perhaps, a limited degree of playfulness.

Then, as now, the use of a foreign language was, in many instances, a result of affectation. Tiberius, though well acquainted with Greek, showed his simplicity of character, aside from other ways, by conversing in his mother-tongue.[12]

Moral earnestness seeks approval from the consciences of men, rather than favor from their feelings: it is not ambitious of titles, nor prone to take offence. The remark of Tiberius touching dislike which he had incurred—"Let them hate, if only they approve"[2]—could hardly come from any one save a conscientious man trying to do right. His dislike of titles is one among evidences of an unambitious man;[13] whilst several incidents show his absence of jealousy.

Tiberius had in early life proved himself an able and humane general.[14] During his reign he maintained peace. This peacefulness was the result neither of thoughtless sentiment nor of indolence, as is evident from his early life, and from the energy of his dealings with the free-booter Tacfarinas, and with robbers and rogues generally.[2] The same love of peace showed itself in his private relations and in his dislike of trifling accusa-

tions. At Rhodes he interposed as peacemaker between sophists who had quarrelled; and his only exercise, during eight years' stay there, of his authority as a magistrate was to imprison a man whose fault-finding must have tended to start the quarrel afresh. A wish to conciliate furnishes the most probable explanation of the apple offered to Agrippina, his ambitious daughter-in-law.[15] His dislike of trifling charges may have been due partly to his sense of justice, and partly to his love of peace.

Moral earnestness looks upon power as a trust. Tiberius alone, among all the emperors, laid before the Senate, when entering upon office, a detailed statement of his trust. At the close of his life, his anxiety was conscientious as to its transmission.[16] He seems to have preferred certain rather than severe punishments,[17] and to have avoided such as degrade men, or diminish self-respect.[18]

Justice loves openness in questions of public administration. Tiberius exerted himself to secure open and fair hearing, as well as intelligent decision. His selection of men who could, during a lifetime, retain office satisfactorily to those whom they ruled,[19] attests not only his good sense and scrupulous consideration of character, but also his moral sense; since a deficiency in this direction would have precluded any such result. Two of these governors have been sketched or mentioned by monotheists. One of them, Flaccus, is portrayed by Philo, his unscrupulous enemy. Of another, Pilate, we have some view in Josephus and the Gospels.[20]

Although the surroundings of Tiberius, and many circumstances in his life, must have tended to repress affectionateness in his manner, yet two or three recorded instances show that it not only dwelt within, but that it occasionally showed itself. The final parting from his first wife, and the efforts to prevent his ever seeing her again, admit no explanation, unless he were affectionate. His joy when he became a grandfather implies fairly the same quality in his old age;[21] and his behavior at the death of Augustus is most naturally explained by the same characteristic.

The repugnance of Tiberius for any manifestation of divine honor towards mortals[22] may have been due to his moral sense, but is so strong as almost to indicate monotheistic leanings. It was certainly not due to any regard for the heathen religion.[23]

[1 "The equites abused their power, as the Senate had done before them. As farmers of the public revenues, they committed peculation and extortion with an habitual impunity, which assumed in their own view the complexion of a right. When accused, they were tried by accomplices and partisans. . . . On the other hand, in prosecutions against senators of the opposite faction, the equites had more regard to political animosity than to justice. Even in ordinary cases, where party feeling was not concerned, they allowed their judicial votes to be purchased by bribery and corrupt influence" (Smith, Dict. of Biog., vol. i., p. 1079, col. 2, art. "Drusus," No. 6). These remarks hold equally true of the Senate, which was generally regarded (Pliny, jun., Epist. ix. 14, § 21) as severe towards all faults but its own.

[2 The presence of Tiberius in a subordinate seat at trials prevented bribery and corruption. On this Tacitus remarks (An., i. 75): "Though justice was thereby furthered, liberty was impaired." This liberty can scarcely have been aught save that of wrong-doing. No hint is given that Tiberius interfered with any prætor's honest exercise of judgment. His course in the Senate precludes such supposition.

[3 "He remained unmoved at all the aspersions, scandalous reports, and lampoons, which were spread against him or his relations, declaring, 'In a free state, both the tongue and the mind ought to be free.' Upon the Senate's desiring that some notice might be taken of these offences, and the persons charged with them, he replied, 'We have not so much time upon our hands that we ought to involve ourselves in more business. If you once make an opening for such proceedings, you will soon have nothing else to do. All private quarrels will be brought before you under that pretence.' There is extant, also, an utterance by him in the Senate, [*percivilis*,] which is that of a model citizen:" [after putting a good explanation on a perverted report of some one's language?] "'If indeed he have spoken otherwise, I will make it a point to explain'" [to him] "'my actions and remarks. If he should persist, I shall reciprocate his dislike.'"—Suetonius, Tib., c. 28; Bohn's trans. alt'd.

In the following we must remember that the Senate (see p. 78 g) had, as a stroke of policy, deified Augustus, and that Tiberius could only, by defying its authority and enactments, exempt any one from legally brought charges of vilifying him. "An informer" [prosecutor on shares] "charged Apulia Varilia . . . with vilifying the deified Augustus, Tiberius, and his mother. . . . Tiberius desired that a distinction should be made: 'If she had spoken irreverently of Augustus, she

must be condemned; but, for invectives against himself, he would not have her called to account.' The consul asked him what were his sentiments respecting the aspersions of his mother, which the accused was charged with uttering. To this he made no answer; but, at the next sitting of the Senate, he prayed, too, in her name, 'that no words whatsoever spoken against her might be imputed to any one as a crime'" (Tacitus, An., ii. 50; Bohn's trans.). "This . . . series of sad events was interrupted by a degree of joy from the pardon extended by Tiberius to Cominius, who had been convicted of writing defamatory verses upon him" (Tacitus, An., iv. 31; Bohn's trans.). "Of disrespect or impiety towards any one" [of his family] . . . "he made very slight account; nor did he ever attend to such allegation" [of offence] "touching himself, though paying regard in this matter to the honor of Augustus."—Dio Cass., lvii. 9; compare note 11.

[4] "As to Tiberius, Caligula, Claudius, and Nero, whilst they yet reigned, the histories of their times were falsified through fear; and, after they had fallen, they were written under the influence of recent detestation."—Tacitus, An., i. 1; Bohn's trans.

[5] The following is such a recantation of statements and insinuations scattered by Tacitus through his first three books, as to suggest that those had been first published, and that, when Book iv. appeared, public opinion compelled a retraction. "All the public, and every private business of moment, was managed by the Senate: to the leading members he allowed liberty of debate; those who deviated into flattery, he himself checked. In conferring preferments, he was guided by merit, by ancient nobility, (?) renown in war, (?) and distinguished civil accomplishments; insomuch that it was agreed that none had greater pretensions. The consuls and the prætors retained the usual distinctions of their offices; inferior magistrates, the exercise of their authority; and the laws, except the Inquisition for bad citizenship, were beneficially administered. The tithes, taxes, and all public receipts, were directed by companies of Roman knights. The management of his own estates he committed only to men of eminent probity, and to some from their reputation, though unknown to him; and, when once engaged, they were continued, without any restriction of term; since most of them grew old in the same employments. . . . He took care that the provinces should not be oppressed with new impositions; and that the existing burthens should not be rendered intolerable by rapacity or severity in the magistrates. CORPORAL PUNISHMENTS, AND CONFISCATIONS OF GOODS, WERE UNKNOWN.

"The emperor's lands in Italy were small, and thinly scattered; the behavior" [or else the number] "of his slaves, modest; the freedmen in his house, few. His disputes with private individuals were determined by the courts and the law."—Tacitus, An., iv. 6, 7; Bohn's trans. alt'd.

[6] "But in the case of Publius Suilius, formerly quæstor to Germanicus, now convicted of having taken money in an affair where he was to decree as a judge, and for which he was about to be excluded from Italy, the emperor voted for his banishment into an island, with such earnestness of feeling, that with the solemnity of an oath he declared it 'for the interest of the commonwealth,'—a proceeding which, though at the time regarded as harsh, turned afterwards to his praise, when Suilius returned to Rome. A following age saw that exile possessed of extravagant power, abandoned to venality, and employing his friendship with Claudius, which he long enjoyed, in all cases for his own advancement, but never in the cause of virtue."—Tacitus, An., iv. 31; Bohn's trans. alt'd.

[7] "For by the Senate even yet all affairs were transacted, insomuch that Lucilius Capito, the emperor's comptroller in Asia, was, at the accusation of that province, put upon his defence before them; the emperor protesting with great earnestness, 'that from him Lucilius had no authority but over his slaves, and in collecting his domestic rents; that if he had usurped the jurisdiction of prætor, and employed military force, he had so far violated his orders: they should therefore hear the allegations of the province."—Tacitus, An., iv. 15; Bohn's trans.

"In the respect he paid to individuals, or the whole body of the Senate, he went beyond all bounds. Upon his differing with Quintus Haterius in the senate-house, 'Pardon me, sir,' he said, 'I beseech you, if I shall, as a senator, speak my mind very freely in opposition to you.' . . . All affairs, whether of great or small importance, public or private, were laid before the Senate. Taxes and monopolies, the erecting or repairing edifices, levying and disbanding soldiers, the disposal of the legions and auxiliary forces in the provinces, the appointment of generals for the management of extraordinary wars, and the answers to letters from foreign princes, were all submitted to the Senate. He compelled the commander of a troop of horse, who was accused of robbery attended with violence, to plead his cause before the Senate. HE NEVER ENTERED THE SENATE-HOUSE

BUT UNATTENDED; and being once brought thither in a litter, because he was indisposed, he dismissed his attendants at the door.

"When some decrees were made contrary to his opinion, he did not even make any complaint. And though he thought that no magistrates after their nomination should be allowed to absent themselves from the city, but reside in it constantly, to receive their honors in person, a prætor-elect obtained liberty to depart under the honorary title of a legate at large. . . . All other things of a public nature were likewise transacted by the magistrates, and in the usual forms; the authority of the consuls remaining so great, that some ambassadors from Africa applied to them, and complained that they could not have their business despatched by Cæsar, to whom they had been sent. And no wonder; since it was observed that he used to rise up as the consuls approached, and give them the way.

"He reprimanded some persons of consular rank in command of armies, for not writing to the Senate an account of their proceedings, and for consulting him about the distribution of military rewards; as if they themselves had not a right to bestow them as they judged proper."—Suetonius, Tib., cc. 29–32; Bohn's trans.

Tiberius "never undertook anything of moment without communicating it to the others" [the Senate]. "Proposing his own view, he not only conceded to every one freedom to oppose it, but bore at times votes" [or perhaps decrees] "contrary to his view; for he often voted. His son Drusus habitually did it in common with the other senators, sometimes first, sometimes after others; but, as regards himself, sometimes he was silent; sometimes, after several others" [had spoken], "he expressed himself fully; sometimes last of all. For the most part, that he might not seem to interfere with their freedom of utterance, his phraseology was, 'IF I WERE TO GIVE MY OPINION, I would say so and so.' This was equivalent to the usual form; yet the others were not restrained by it from speaking their minds. Often when he had given an opinion, subsequent speakers took opposite ground, and sometimes carried it; yet he never manifested anger thereat."—Dio Cass., lvii. 7.

[8] "He had such an aversion to flattery, that he would never suffer any senator to attend his litter, either as a civility or upon business. And when a man of consular rank, in begging his pardon for some offence he had given him, attempted to fall at his feet, he started from him in such haste, that he stumbled and fell. If any compliment was paid him, either in conversation or a set speech, he would not scruple to interrupt and reprimand the party, and alter what he said. Being once called 'lord' by some person, he desired that he might no more be affronted in that manner. When another, to excite veneration, called his occupations 'sacred,' and a third had expressed himself thus, 'By your authority I have waited upon the senate,' he obliged them to change their phrases; in one of them adopting *persuasion*, instead of 'authority,' and in the other *laborious*, instead of 'sacred.'"—Suetonius, Tib., c. 27; Bohn's trans. alt'd. Compare Tacitus, An., iv. 6, quoted in note 5.

According to Dio, "When carried anywhere in his litter, he did not permit any senator, or any of the principal knights, to follow as attendants."—Dio Cass., lvii. 11.

[9] Although Tiberius enforced existing laws against dissipation, "Yet, when the senators wished to enact a penalty against profligate livers, he took no action on it, adding that it was better to reform them in some way privately than to impose a public punishment upon them."—Dio Cass., lvii. 13.

"At home, some severe measures were apprehended against luxury . . . apprehensions were raised of some severe corrective from a prince WHO OBSERVED HIMSELF THE ANCIENT PARSIMONY" (Tacitus, An., iii. 52; Bohn's trans. Compare ch. v. notes 49, 55, 56). Additional evidence that Tiberius was a temperate liver may be found in his playful criticism (Tacitus, An., vi. 46) of persons, "who after their thirtieth year needed advice from another" [that is, from a physician] "as to what was physically beneficial or injurious to them;" and in the remark of Suetonius (Tib., ch. 68): "He enjoyed excellent health, which was UNIMPAIRED DURING ALMOST HIS WHOLE TERM OF OFFICE, although, after his thirtieth year, he managed it according to his own judgment, without aid or counsel of physicians." Plutarch, de Sanitate Tuenda (vol. vi., p. 517, ed. Reiske; vol. vii. p. 407, ed. Hutten), may refer to some variation by Tiberius of his habitual remark as recorded by Tacitus; though the spirit of it is the same.

Tiberius accepted from an old man, Sestius Gallus, with whom he had found some fault in the Senate, an invitation to supper (Suetonius, Tib., c. 42), on condition "that he should change nothing from his ordinary custom," meaning, doubtless, that he should add nothing to the expense or trouble of his entertainment.

[10] Tacitus calls him (An., iii. 18) "sufficiently firm, as I have often related, against" [the temptations of] "money." The soli-

tary exception which he mentions (An., iv. 20) is imaginary. A public plunderer was prosecuted; and Tiberius had an accurate calculation made of what was due from him. Tacitus, copying the feelings of the aristocracy, deemed this illiberal. Elsewhere he says, "The estate of the wealthy Æmilia Musa, who died intestate, and which was claimed for the prince's purse, he surrendered to Æmilius Lepidus, to whose family she seemed to belong; as also, to Marcus Servilius, the inheritance of Patuleius, a rich Roman knight, though part of it had been bequeathed to himself; but he found Servilius named sole heir in a former and well-authenticated will, alleging that the *nobilitatem*, senatorial rank of each, needed pecuniary aid" [to prevent forfeiture]. "Nor did he ever accept any man's inheritance, but where friendship gave him a title. The wills of such as were strangers to him, and of such as, from pique to others, had appointed the prince their heir, he utterly rejected."—Tacitus, An., ii. 48; Bohn's trans. alt'd.

"These" [his bounties to others] "he expended from his lawful revenues; for he never killed any one for the sake of riches, nor yet confiscated his goods; nor did he in any instance acquire money through threats. To Æmilius Rectus, who on one occasion sent him from Egypt, of which he was governor, more than the appointed tribute, he wrote back, 'I wish you to shear, not shave, my sheep'" (Dio Cassius, lvii. 10). "In addition to other virtues, he practised rigid abstinence from what belonged to others, never accepting legacies left him by such as had relatives."—Dio Cassius, lvii. 17.

[11] At Rhodes, "One morning, in settling the course of his daily excursion, he happened to say that he should visit all the sick people in the town. This being not rightly understood by those about him, the sick were brought into a small portico, and ranged in order, according to their several distempers. Being extremely embarrassed by this unexpected occurrence, he was for some time irresolute how he should act; but at last he determined to go round them all, and MAKE AN APOLOGY for the mistake, even to the meanest among them, and such as were entirely unknown to him."—Suetonius, Tib., c. 11; Bohn's trans.; cf. Dio Cass., lvii. 11.

In South Germany the author found, that, if some one in the stage-coach sneezed, immediately one or more hats would be lifted with the greeting, "Your health." He has been told by travellers in Italy, that the same custom prevails there. It is two thousand years old; for the Elder Pliny remarks (Nat. Hist., cxxviii. v. 2), "Why do we, *salutamus*, salute" [or "say health to"] "a sneeze, which" [custom] "they say that Tiberius, the least jocose certainly of men, exacted" [when] "in his carriage?"

[12] See Suetonius, Tib., ch. 71, and Dio Cassius, lvii. 15. Tiberius must, in the Senate at least, have carried this to a noticeable extent; for when he had occasion to use the word "monopoly," he apologized for using one borrowed from a foreign language.

[13] "He did not permit himself to be called master, *dominum*, by freemen, nor emperor" [literally "commander"], "*imperatorem*, except by the soldiers: he wholly refused the appellation 'Father of his Country.' He did not add" [to his signature] "the title Augustus" [or august] "(which he never permitted to be voted to him), but tolerated it when spoken or written" [to himself]; "and, as often as he corresponded with certain kings, he himself added it. He was commonly called Cæsar, occasionally Germanicus, from his deeds in Germany, and even by himself, according to old custom, Primate (or presiding officer) of the Senate. He said, that 'I am master of my slaves, commander of the soldiers, but primate of the others;' and prayed, when the question came up, that he might live and rule" [only] "so long as beneficial to the public. Thus in all things he behaved so much as a private man, that he would not permit any thing unusual on his birthday."—Dio Cass., lvii. 8; cf. note 14.

[14] "Tiberius . . . who never allowed any seed of war to smoulder or to raise its head, either in Greece or in the territory of the barbarians, and who bestowed peace, and the blessings of peace, up to the end of his life with a rich and most bounteous hand and mind upon the whole empire and the whole world" (Philo, Embassy to Caius, ch. xxi., vol. iv., p. 130; Bohn's trans., Paris edit., p. 696). "The matter upon which I am occupied is . . . a state of UNDISTURBED PEACE, or only interrupted in a limited degree . . . and A PRINCE INDIFFERENT ABOUT EXTENDING THE BOUNDS OF THE EMPIRE."—Tac., An., iv. 32; Bohn's trans.

[15] He had, in answer to some of her importunities, taken her hand, and remarked, "You think, my child, if you do not rule, that an injury is done you" (Suetonius, Tib., ch. 53; compare Tacitus, An., iv. 52). At table, after this conversation, Agrippina seems to have been too ill-humored to eat. Tiberius, after paying, for a time, no attention thereto, commended some apples, picked one out, and handed it to her. She threw it to one of

the servants. Tiberius remarked to his mother that she treated it as if poisoned (Tacitus, An., iv. 54). The leading facts as mentioned by Tacitus are here narrated, but without his interpretation of them.

[16] Tacitus represents in his Annals (vi. 46) that Tiberius, in his last days, weighed carefully the qualifications, as a successor, of his grandson, of his brother's grandson Caligula, of his nephew Claudius, and THOUGHT EVEN OF PERSONS NOT BELONGING TO HIS OWN FAMILY. No one fully satisfied him, and he did not make a choice. Tacitus adds (*Ibid.*), "FAVOR WITH CONTEMPORARIES WAS TO HIM OF LESS MOMENT THAN THE EFFORT FOR HONOR AMONG POSTERITY." Tacitus, on this point, gives his testimony without, apparently, appreciating its value.

[17] No reliable record exists of any one having been put to death by Tiberius. "He gave special attention to preserving the peace" [i.e., the public security] "against bandits, robbers, and mob-violence. . . . He rigidly repressed popular tumults, and guarded against their occurrence. When slaughter had been caused by quarrel in a theatre, he banished the leaders of the faction, and the players who were its cause; nor could he by any prayers of the people be forced into recalling them."—Suetonius, Tib., c. 37.

[18] Corporal punishments were unknown in his time.

[19] "This, too, was part of the policy of Tiberius,—to continue persons in offices, and for the most part to maintain them in the same military authority or civil employments, to the ends of their lives" (Tacitus, An., i. 80; Bohn's trans.). No governor appointed by Tiberius was ever charged, while alive, with, or prosecuted for, malversation in office, though some appointed by the Senate were.

[20] Josephus pictured Pilate with no friendly pen; yet he furnishes, with his usual embellishments, the following facts. The Roman soldiers came from Cæsarea to Jerusalem by night, possibly to diminish chances of offence. The Jews objected to the images on their standards (Antiq. xviii., iii. 1). Pilate, after finding that the matter might cause trouble, sent, though not without a little delay, the images back to Cæsarea. He found that the city needed water, and that a large sum of money was lying in the temple useless, or probably worse than useless, since unprincipled men must have found means to misuse it (compare ch. ii. notes 28, 29). He took the money, made an aqueduct (Antiq., xviii., iii. 2), and repressed the mob which followed. Josephus shows him to have been energetic, utilitarian, and gifted with administrative power.

If we turn to the Gospels, we find that before this Pilate a man was brought whom the leading Jews were determined to have put to death. Pilate tried hard to save him; but, in order to accomplish it, must have incurred risk of an accusation from the conservative Jews, who, in the existing state of parties at Rome after the death of Sejanus, could have effected his ruin. This he had not, apparently, nerve to meet. But the governor who could not, to save himself, permit the execution of an innocent peasant,—for such Jesus must have seemed to him,—without washing his hands in public (Matt. xxvii. 24), and protesting against the wrong, was no ordinary Roman governor. He had a keen conscience, though his moral strength did not equal the demand upon it.

"Our children . . . are" [judicially] "in our own power, which right is a peculiarity of Roman citizens; for there are almost no other men who have such power over their children as we" [Romans].—Gaius, Instit. i. 55; edit. Boecking, p. 20.

[21] "Livia, sister of Germanicus, wife of Drusus, gave birth to twin-boys, which . . . caused the prince so much joy, that he could not refrain from boasting (?) to the fathers, that to no Roman, previously, of the same rank had twins been born."—Tacitus, An., ii. 84.

[22] "No sacred place was ever, at his prompting, or otherwise, set apart for him. Neither was it lawful for any one to set up his image; for from the first he in plain terms forbade either a city or individual to do it. He, indeed, added to the prohibition, '*Unless I shall permit it*,' but subjoined verbally, '*I will not permit it.*'"—Dio Cassius, lvii. 9; cf., also, Suetonius, Tib., ch. 26; Tacitus, An., v. 2; Dio Cassius, lviii. 8; Paterculus, ii. 126.

[23] Tiberius "was *negligentior*, rather negligent in regard to the gods and religious observances, because (?) addicted to astrology."—Suetonius, Tib., ch. 69.—*Frederick Huidekoper, Judaism in Rome.*

THE ACHIEVEMENTS OF DOGS.

Many and marvellous have been the achievements which history has recorded to the credit of faithful, sagacious, and courageous dogs of the past.

History chronicles that the wonderful dog, Xanthippus, heroically swam for miles by the side of his master's galley to Salamis when the Athenians were forced to abandon their city, and the body of that devoted and courageous canine hero was buried by his grateful master on the crest of a beautiful

promontory, which to this day bears the name of "The Dog's Grave."

In ancient history it is recorded that the city of Corinth was saved from enemies who had planned to capture it, by fifty faithful war-dogs who attacked the invading foe that had landed under the cover of darkness whilst the garrison slept, and fought the invaders with unbounded courage until every dog but one of the fifty valiant canine warriors had been killed. That one surviving dog succeeded in rousing the garrison from their slumber in time to save the city.

Among the many pathetic incidents in the lives of famous dogs of history may be mentioned the touching incident in the life of the devoted dog, Hyrcanian, who, on beholding the dead body of his beloved master burning on a funeral pile, leaped into the flames and was consumed with it.

It is quite natural that the Switzers should venerate the memory of the Great St. Bernard, "Barry," over whose grave at Berne, Switzerland, a stately monument has been reared.

There is a large and beautifully kept cemetery for dogs near Asnieres, on the outskirts of Paris, France. When Consul-General Gowdy was lately conducting a party of friends through this canine cemetery, pointing to the tomb of the Great St. Bernard who had saved the lives of forty human beings, he asked, "What man can boast of having done so much?"

Can we wonder that Ketmir, that faithful, patient, tireless canine sentinel and guardian of the "Seven Sleepers of Ephesus" was welcomed into Paradise by Mahomet?

The desperate combat, to the death, between the devoted dog of Aubry and his master's murderer was a notable event in the annals of history. In that deadly conflict Aubry's valiant dog proved himself the matchless hero of the hour. That dog's heroic act in his master's defence has never been excelled by any human soldier on the battlefield of war.

THE DOG'S LIFE OF DEVOTION.

It is a deep mystery, this animal world in which we live and of which we are an integral part.

Since the dawn of history the dog has distinguished himself for notable deeds of courage, devotion, fidelity, and affection. No other animal on earth is so fond of man and so loyal to him. The dog's life is given up to the service of his master whom he looks up to and worships as if he regarded him a deity. The dog has a religion in which his human master is his god. The only heaven a dog knows is a welcome place in the heart of him whom he delights to serve. With that possession his happiness is complete.

Human friends may prove deceitful, false, and treacherous, but the dog's friendship is unfailing and enduring. It is proof against all temptations. If every other friend in the world turns traitor to a man, his dog will stand by him and refuse to "turn him down." When dire misfortune overtakes the master, his dog is the one true friend who does not desert him in his extremity, but clings the closer to him. And at the end, that last sad scene that comes to all—friends, home, and family gone—the loving and devoted companion of poverty, want, and rags, the ever-faithful and loving dog, follows his master's lifeless body to an unmarked grave, and there, prone upon a cold damp mound of clay, he lays his head between his paws and mourns a requiem until he dies of grief.

The dog's sincere love, unswerving devotion, and rare fidelity have shone in song and story since the dawn of civilization. There can be no reasonable doubt that we share a common nature and a common fate with our mute fellow-creatures around us, which we are pleased to call "lower animals," and it may be that our poor dumb relations share a common destiny with us.

The Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, who for nearly half a century represented the heart and brains of the Christian clergy of America, in the course of an eloquent sermon on "Men and Other Animals," declared: "Why, if horses and dogs have not souls to be saved, what in Heaven's name will become of their masters? For fidelity and devotion, for love and loyalty, many a two-legged animal is far below the dog and the horse. Happy would it be for thousands of people if they could stand at last before the Judgment seat of Christ and truthfully say, 'I have loved as truly, I have lived as decently as my dog.' And yet we speak of the dog as being 'only a brute.' "

EULOGY OF A FAMOUS DOG.

Poets of all ages have sung the praises of dogs, and one of the noblest and truest tributes ever paid to canine worth is expressed in the lines of Lord Byron which, with the epitaph inscribed to his dog, Boatswain, run as follows:—

"When some proud son of man returns to earth,
Unknown to glory but upheld by birth,
The sculptor's art exhausts the pomp of woe,
And storied urns record who rest below;

When all is done, upon the tomb is seen
Not what he was, but what he should have been:
But the poor dog, in life the firmest friend,
The first to welcome, foremost to defend,
Whose honest heart is still his master's own,
Who labors, fights, lives, breathes for him alone,
Unhonored falls, unnoticed all his worth,
Denied in heaven the soul he held on earth;
While man, vain insect! hopes to be forgiven,
And claims himself a sole exclusive heaven.
Ye, who perchance behold this simple urn,
Pass on—it honors none you wish to mourn:
To mark a Friend's remains these stones arise;
I never knew but one—and here he lies."

. . . . . .

"Near this spot,
Are deposited the remains of one
Who possessed Beauty without Vanity,
Strength without Insolence,
Courage without Ferocity,
And all the Virtues of man without his Vices.
This Praise which would be unmeaning Flattery
If inscribed over human ashes,
Is but a just tribute to the Memory of
BOATSWAIN, A DOG."

—*J. W. Hodge, M.D.*

DICKENS'S CAT.

Charles Dickens was a lover of animals; and, like all true lovers, he was likely to become the slave of his pets. Williamina, a little white cat, was a favorite with the entire household, but showed an especial devotion to its master. She selected a corner of his study for her kittens, and brought them in from the kitchen, one by one. Mr. Dickens had them taken away again, but Williamina only brought them quietly back.

Again they were removed; but the third time of their return she did not leave them in the corner. Instead she placed them at her master's feet, and, taking her stand beside them, looked imploringly up at him.

That settled the question. Thereafter the kittens belonged to the study; and they made themselves royally at home, swarming up the curtains, playing about the writing-table, and scampering behind the book-shelves. Most of the family were given away! one only remained, entirely deaf, and known, from her devotion to Dickens, as "the master's cat."

This little creature followed him about like a dog, and sat beside him while he wrote. One evening Dickens was reading by a small table whereon was a lighted candle. As usual, the cat was at his elbow. Suddenly the light went out. Dickens was much interested in his book; and he relighted the candle, giving the cat a stroking as he did so.

Afterward he remembered that puss had looked at him somewhat reproachfully while she received the caress. It was only when the light again became dim that he guessed at the reason of her melancholy. Turning suddenly, he found her deliberately putting out the candle with her paw; and again she looked at him appealingly.

She was lonesome: she wanted to be petted, and this was her device for bringing it about.—*The Christian Register.*

SAINT FRANCIS OF ASSISI AND THE BIRDS.

There is in the Louvre a charming little picture by Giotto, of Saint Francis preaching to the birds. The saint's face, with an earnest, loving expression, is looking up at the birds that, with outstretched necks and half-open beaks, appear to catch his words. The old legend which this painting illustrates with all the artist's vividness in presenting a story, is equally charming in its simplicity. It is as follows: As Saint Francis was going towards Bivagno, he lifted up his eyes and saw a multitude of birds. He said to his companions: "Wait for me here while I preach to my little sisters, the birds." The birds gathered around him and he spoke to them somewhat as follows:—

"My little sisters the birds, you owe much to God your creator, and ought to sing His praise at all times and in all places, because He has given you liberty and the air to fly about in; and though you neither spin nor sew, He has given you a covering for yourself and little ones. He sent two of your species into the ark with Noah that you might not be lost to the world. He feeds you though you neither sow nor reap. He has given you fountains and rivers in which to quench your thirst, and trees in which to build your nests. Beware, my little sisters, of the sin of ingratitude, and study always to praise the Lord." As he preached, the birds opened their beaks, stretched out their necks, and flapped their wings, and bowed their heads to the earth.

His sermon over, Saint Francis made the sign of the cross, and the birds flew up into the air, singing sweetly their song of praise, and dispersed towards the four quarters of the world, as if to convey the words they had heard to all the world. Saint Colomba used to feed the sea-beaten herons that alighted on the Island of Iona. The spar-

rows would descend and eat out of Saint Remi's hands. And the birds would hover around the hermits of Montserrat and eat from their hands.—*The Holy Family.*

IN THE AIR.

The scent of a blossom from Eden!
The flower was not given to me,
But it freshened my spirit forever,
As it passed, on its way to thee!

In my soul is a lingering music:
The song was not meant for me,
But I listen, and listen, and wonder
To whom it can lovelier be.

The sounds and the scents that float by us—
They cannot tell whither they go;
Yet, however it fails of its errand,
Love makes the world sweeter, I know.

I know that love never is wasted,
Nor truth, nor the breath of a prayer;
And the thought that goes forth as a blessing
Must live, as a joy in the air.

—*Lucy Larcom.*

ON THE LEDGE.

Restored unto life by the sun and the breeze!
Rich balsams float down from the resinous trees,
Stirring into quick health every pulse of the air:
Released once again from imprisoning care,
At the gate of green pastures my soul lieth free,
And to go in or out is refreshment to me.

Lo, yonder is Paradise! Softly below,
The river that watereth Eden doth flow!
I behold, through blue gaps in the mountainous West,
Height ascending on height, the abodes of the blest:
And I cannot tell whether to climb were more sweet
Than to lap me in beauty spread out at my feet.

There sways a white cloud on yon loftiest peak;
A wind from beyond it is fanning my cheek;
Through the oak and the birch glides a musical shiver;
A ripple just silvers the dusk of the river.
—Though I may not know how, each is part of the whole
Perfect flood-tide of peace that is brimming my soul.

Here is shelter and outlook, deep rest and wide room;
The pine woods behind, breathing balm out of gloom;
Before, the great hills over vast levels lean,—
A glory of purple, a splendor of green.
As a new earth and heaven, ye are mine once again,
Ye beautiful meadows and mountains of Maine!

—*Lucy Larcom.*

IMPORTANT DATES REGARDING THE BIBLE.

1611.—The "Authorized Version."
1614.—Slightly altered edition of "Authorized Version."
1629.—A revision of the "Authorized Version."
1701.—Bishop Lloyd's Bible with Usher's chronology.
1762.—Cambridge Bible by Blayney.
1844.—Tischendorf discovers ancient Greek Manuscript at Mt. Sinai.
1857.—Tregelles's critical Greek text of Revelation.
1870.—First definite step toward revision.
1881.—Revised Version—New Testament.
1885.—Revised Version of Bible Complete.
1895.—Revised Apocrypha.
1901.—American Standard Revised Version.

LONG TRIP TO SEE BABIES.

LITTLE FOX TERRIER MOTHER TRAVELS FROM SALT LAKE TO WESTON, IDAHO, A DISTANCE OF 124 MILES.

SALT LAKE CITY, October 18.—Gyp, an eighteen-months-old fox terrier, belonging to Harry C. Fisher of 930 East 7th Street, South, has distinguished herself again.

While on a visit at Weston, Idaho, with her master during the last summer, Gyp first attracted attention. Mr. Fisher stayed at a ranch owned by August Jensen. One day by barking and yelping and jumping in front of her master she aroused his curiosity. This done, she led him to a litter of little blinking puppies. Gyp's family dwindled down to two before many weeks had passed. When Mr. Fisher was ready to come home Gyp had been with her little charges six weeks.

The time had now come to say good-by. Gyp was brought to Salt Lake and her puppies were kept at the Jensen ranch.

About four weeks ago Mr. Fisher missed Gyp. Believing she had gone but a short distance, he did not become worried until she had been away from home a whole day. The Fisher family grieved over their loss, thinking Gyp had been stolen or killed.

A happy thought struck Mr. Fisher two weeks ago. He dropped a post card to

August Jensen, Weston, Idaho, and a few days later an answer was received.

The message brought the startling information that Gyp had reached the Jensen ranch ten days before.

"Her arrival was the occasion of great rejoicing in the kennel," read the note. "The two pups and Gyp barked and rolled each other around in great shape."

Gyp covered 124 miles in six or seven days to see her two babies.—*Boston Evening Globe.*

God, who is rich in mercy, for His great love wherewith He loved us, even when we were dead in sins, hath quickened us together with Christ . . . and hath raised us up together, and made us sit together in heavenly places in Christ Jesus.—*Eph. ii. 4–6.*

THE AMUSEMENT COLUMN.

[Address everything relating to the Amusement Column to Mr. Henry A. Jenks, 45 Spring Lane, Canton, Mass. Contributors are requested to write on one side of the paper only. Write name and address plainly (not necessarily for publication), and send the answers to the puzzles on a separate slip of paper.

I.

DICKENS CHARACTERS.

In what books of Dickens do the following characters appear?

1. Mrs. Emma Micawber.
2. John Edward Nandy.
3. Minnie Omer.
4. Samuel Pickwick.
5. Mrs. Betsy Quilp.
6. Roger Riderhood.

II.

A DIAMOND.

1. A vowel.
2. A small poisonous serpent of Egypt.
3. A girl's name.
4. To fondle.
5. A consonant.

III.

FLORAL ANAGRAMS.

1. Paid Pie Inn: A solitary white, ghostly flower of dark, moist woods.

2. Dyes Blank Sauce: A yellow rayed brown flower of hot, sunny fields.

3. Slower Fun: A tall American herb cultivated in Europe for its seeds.

4. Odd in Lane: Perhaps the most abundant of all flowers.

5. Seer-Proving Mien: A flower of the night. —*The Wellspring.*

IV.

INITIAL LETTER PUZZLE.

In the thirteen sentences below appear as many words (one in each sentence) which, if found and written one below the other, will spell the name of a poet born in August.

1. They lost one of the oars.
2. Several lives were lost in the wreck.
3. The fire destroyed the ice-house.
4. The vine was all over the house.
5. The wind was from the east.
6. It was a very hard rain.
7. The water was very cold for this time of the year.
8. The house was destroyed by fire.
9. The oak is a fine tree.
10. The lane was very pretty this spring with apple blossoms.
11. The marsh was very wet this year.
12. The work was very easy.
13. The sail was too large for the boat.

Answers to puzzles in the May number.

I. CHANGED INITIALS.—1. BALE—D–ALE. 2. ILL—E–LL. 3. HALL—C–ALL. 4. RE—O–RE. 5. LACE—R–ACE. 6. ICE—A–CE. 7. BOIL—T–OIL. 8. ET—I–T. 9. UTTER—O–TTER. 10. BARROW—N–ARROW. 11. BEAN—D–EAN. 12. ODD—A–DD. 13. BEAR—Y–EAR. Decoration Day.

II. HALF SQUARE.—

K N O X
N A N
O N
X

III. FAMOUS MEN.—1. John Davis Long. 2. Henry Cabot Lodge. 3. Ebenezer Rockwood Hoar. 4. Daniel Webster. 5. John Endicott.

IV. DOUBLE CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.—Russell, Wolcott.

V. CONCEALED PROVERB.—A new broom sweeps clean.

Answers to puzzles in the June number.

I. DOUBLE ACROSTIC.—JIB, UMBRELLA, NUT, ELEPHANT, TOWEL, HOSE, ECHO, STAFF, ENTOMB, VISHNU, ENSIGN, NECK, TABLE, EAR, EPITAPH, NAPHTALI, TRILL, HEEL.

Primals June the seventeenth.

Finals Battle of Bunker Hill.

II. WHEEL.—1. Dabble. 2. Decamp. 3. Diadem. 4. Docile. 5. Duress. 6. Drowse. 7. Divert. 8. Donkey.

III. CHARACTERISTIC INITIALS.—1. Julius Cæsar. 2. Frithiof Nansen. 3. Harriet B. Stowe. 4. Noah Webster. 5. Andrew Carnegie.

THE CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE.

OBJECTS.

1. To cheer and comfort the lonely and discouraged—not only invalids, but all who need cheer and comfort—by the interchange of letters and by gifts of books and periodicals.

2. To supply in some measure to young people in remote places the lack of schools, by gifts of school-books, letters, and, for those who desire it, correspondence classes on history, the natural sciences, and other interesting branches of study. If any desire to join such classes, they may send their names to our secretary.

3. Also to supply, to some extent, the lack of a church. One good sermon or sermon extract is printed in each number of the paper. These sermons are never doctrinal, but practical, and intended to cheer and comfort the sorrowful and aid in giving a vital religion without regard to sect or creed.

Any minister (of any sect) who receives this paper is cordially invited to distribute the copies of the *Cheerful Letter* received among lonely members of his parish, shut-ins, or invalids of whom he may know. He is also invited to write to our headquarters (see address on this page) and give names and addresses of those who may be cheered and helped by becoming our correspondents.

No *theology* is disseminated in our paper. All the religious matter is intended merely to strengthen, cheer, and comfort those in need of such practical help.

Givers of books are reminded that only books of instructive or wholesome nature should be offered in the Book Club. Classics, educational works, and standard novels are always acceptable.

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